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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 1

Multitudes over a great part of the world will say, with the beginning of 1939, to those they meet, "A Happy New Year." That this may be a Happy New Year to millions of our human fellows the world over, no matter what their creed or color or land may be, we heartily wish; and we are sure that all our readers and millions of others will join with us in the prayer that the black shadows of persecution, want and war will lie far less deeply over the homes and hearts of men when the year closes than when it began.

One of the most attractive humane journals published is the *Blue Cross*, the official organ of the Shanghai Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a copy of which we regularly receive. One cannot help wondering how it has been possible for this Society to survive amid all the horrors of the long-drawn-out war.

The Horse and Mule Association of America reports that the disease about which much was said in recent months and called, in common parlance, "sleeping sickness," has been stopped and an effective control has been found. It further says that no more animals need be lost from this disease. Further information with regard to it may be obtained from Dr. H. W. Schoening, Chief in Pathology, United States Department of Agriculture. At least Dr. Schoening discussed this matter fully at the annual meeting of the Horse and Mule Association, held in Chicago.

The Royal S. P. C. A. of London reports that during the critical days when war seemed so near at hand, it received thousands of inquiries from people anxious to know what to do for the safety and comfort of their animals. A special staff had to be organized to deal with the great mass of correspondence and telegrams and interviews to which attention had to be given. Ten thousand copies of the Society's pamphlet, "Animals and Air Raids," were distributed, and the British Broadcasting Corporation co-operated with the Society.

We Happened to Meet—

And What Happened Continues to Happen

WE were introduced. This is what he said:

"Oh, you're the animal man, aren't you—interested in animals? Well, that's a good job. Animals ought to have someone to befriend and to protect them from cruelty."

"Yes, I am interested in animals but very much more interested in children."

"Why, I didn't suppose that a society for animals had anything to do with children."

"My dear sir, the chief aim of both our Societies, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, particularly that of the American Humane Education Society which is purely educational in character and international as well as national, is to reach the children in the schools of our own and other states of the Union and even in other lands. It is true that the first of these two Societies, founded by George T. Angell in 1868, was designed above all to protect animals in Massachusetts from cruelty, but later, when in 1839 he founded the American Humane Education Society, they both co-operated in this work of Humane Education. Through the efforts of these two Societies, nearly five million children have been organized into what are known the world over as Bands of Mercy. Each year our employed representatives in several states of the Union come face to face, in schools, colleges and other gatherings, with nearly 200,000 children, to say nothing of meeting superintendents, principals, teachers and others who are no longer children."

"But I don't understand your object in what you call this educational work. I would have supposed it would be simply to get children to be kind to animals."

"No. That is, unfortunately, what the majority of people believe, and why they rather deem such societies as ours hardly worthy of a real man's time and serious thought. Of course, we deem it of great importance that there should be cultivated

in the hearts and minds of children those principles of justice, fair play and kindness that would lead them to recognize the rights of all animals for fair and just treatment; but far more important than that is what we have recognized as the influence upon the character of the child, of developing in him the spirit of kindness and good will, justice and compassion. These are virtues which, like mercy, bless both him who gives and him who takes. It is always easy to interest a child in an animal. Once that interest awakens, once he begins to feel that the creatures below him can suffer pain as well as he, and have a right to life, to their own forms of happiness and pleasure and to such treatment as he would like if he and the horse or the dog or the bird or other fellow-creature had to change places—once he realizes this, something flowers in the heart and mind of that child that leads him to treat his human fellow with justice and fair play, that sets his face against cruelty in the many forms it takes—getting selfishness, intolerance, prejudice against others because of race or religion or color or social standing, hatred, and lack of sympathy with sorrow and suffering wherever found in his human world or in the world of life below him, and that horror men call war.

"Few, even of our readers, realize, I think, how far-reaching is the influence of our two Societies. Through their magazine, which goes into nearly every civilized country, and through their literature in different languages and through their affiliation with the great Parent-Teacher Association, numbering more than one and a half million, and through personal correspondence, they touch the lives of more than a million men, women and children every year."

The Horses' Christmas was observed by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. throughout the various communities of the Commonwealth in which our agents are located and wherever opportunity was found for making some horse's Christmas a better one.

"If!"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

"If you can sense the One in all creation,
And see the God in every brother's face,
Without respect of creed, or race, or nation;

If you can feel at home in every place;
If you can love your country with devotion,
And yet love all the other countries, too;
If you have freed yourself from class emotion,

And understand the other's point of view;

If you can sense in every beast a brother,
And see God blossoming in every flower;

If by no thought or deed you hurt another,
And fill with noble deeds the fleeting hour;

If all your thoughts, and words, and acts
are holy,

And everything from highest motive
done,

And all your work is based on service only,
You're very near to the Divine, my son."

K. BROWNING, M.A., in *Cruel Sports*

Filling Station Bears

BERT SACKETT

OH, mamma, look at the funny bear. Let's stop here." The "funny bear" is an example of what has become a general practice. Filling station operators on main highways have found that a roadside "zoo," usually featuring a black bear, is an easy and cheap way of advertising their business.

It's easy because the bear does the work, and cheap because the tourists feed him. Black bears are natural clowns and usually gentle and lovable, so there is little danger of one causing any trouble for his owner. Children and grown-ups find it hard to pass a station where a bear is on display and, of course, they always want to feed their furry friend. That means more profit for the proprietor. Bears can and do eat almost anything they can swallow, but a diet of candy, popcorn and soda water does not furnish proper nourishment.

Filling station bears are nearly always cubs which have been stolen from their mothers. The common way of confining them is by means of a collar and chain. Many times the collar is not enlarged as the cub grows and causes great discomfort to the unhappy animal. Occasionally a cage large enough for some exercise is provided but this is exceptional, most bears must be content with a cage which not only is but little larger than the bear but which makes no provision for shelter from the weather and sun. Sanitary conditions are far from satisfactory and the bears are forced to live amidst a litter of evil smelling rubbish. Roadside torture yards would be a better title for many of the filling station zoos.

There are many kind-hearted people who would not tolerate any abuse of a dog, cat or horse, who unthinkingly contribute to the misery of animals exposed for advertising purposes. There is a quick and easy way to end the "filling station bear" racket, and that is to refuse to trade at places that make use of such methods of attracting business.



THE OKAPI LIVES IN BELGIAN CONGO

A Living Fossil

MRS. GERTRUDE H. PALMER

IS there an animal somewhere in this world of ours the same today as it was fifteen million years ago? If it is an animal, it is living; if it lived millions of years ago, it is a fossil. Yes, there is a fossil living in the jungles of Belgian Congo—the okapi.

No one is able to explain why this animal has not become extinct. Related to the giraffe, perhaps the common characteristics of that family account for its not being killed off by nature, other animals, or man.

Okapis are gentle and shy, desiring seclusion of the jungle, where it is difficult for man or animal to move without attracting attention. The fever-breeding jungles of the Belgian Congo have for centuries since civilization began served as a protective home for the okapi. Their coloring effectively conceals them among the trees. They are not fighters, but want to live and let live, whether it be man or beast. They never meddle in others' business. However, being excellent parents, they will fight to protect their young, so in all probability during these periods of time there has been only slight infant mortality. The okapi goes about slowly and calmly, so has not worn itself out with nervous strain, and being a vegetarian has escaped the ills of the carnivorous mammals.

The technical name for the okapi is "Okapi johnstoni" after its discoverer, the famous African explorer, Sir Harry Johnston. The Pygmies called it "O-api" when Johnston first heard of it in 1883. It was the only large type of mammal that remained unknown until after 1900. It has been proved during this century that it belongs to the extinct fossil giraffe that lived during the middle period of the Age of Mammals, known as the Miocene Period.

It is to be hoped that man, animal, and nature will be as kind in the future as they have been in the past to preserve for future generations the okapi, a truly living fossil.

Seattle Turns Down Rodeo

CORA LINDAAS

IN the face of bitter criticism from a number of quarters, an application was considered by the Seattle City Council last May to allow the holding of a seven-day rodeo or "stampede" at the Civic Stadium for the benefit of the Seattle Police Department drill team. The police department was to be the co-sponsor of the show with the Cramer Land & Livestock Company, of Big Timber, Montana.

The Cramer Land & Livestock Company was represented by Leo Cramer. Cramer runs such shows throughout the country and proposed to bring three

hundred animals to Seattle in order to put on a REAL Wild West "show."

A member of the Council asked tall, bronzed Leo Cramer, who has engaged in the "sport" of abusing innocent and defenseless animals practically all his life, this question: "What is the difference between a wrestling match and a bucking contest?" He replied: "The real difference is that a bucking contest is really a contest."

He also told the Council that 1938 cowboys were a different lot than the cowhands of the good old West. He said: "Forty per cent of them are college graduates." Intimating that exhibitions of that sort are now on a higher plane and those who take part in them are proud of their work, proud of their "contribution" to society.

During the discussion on the application for the permit a Council member also furnished a real gem, in sounding off with this: "Rodeos are more refined now." Think of it. Is it possible for a thing like that ever to become refined?

In the proposed permit the Council pointed out that it "had been assured there would be no brutality or mistreatment of animals or other objectionable features." Just as though an assurance of that kind had real meaning, real value, and had been made with the idea of being lived up to.

The chief complaints against the so-called "stampede" were launched by the King County Humane Society and the Tailwaggers' Club.

The Rev. Dr. Mark A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and an outstanding civic leader, joined in the opposition to the rodeo and sent the City Council a letter, in which he said:

"To permit this cruel and inhuman sport would be a step backward in the history of Seattle. We have too many degrading pastimes in the city at the present time; let us not bring more. I most earnestly ask you to protect the interests of the children, and the moral forces of this city."

The permit was denied—thanks to an aroused public opinion.

Sir Henry Irving and His Dogs

AMELIA WOFFORD

SIR HENRY IRVING'S first pet dog was a rough-coated terrier, named "Trin," an abbreviation of Trinity. This name was given him by his master in appreciation of the address presented to him by the students of Trinity College, Dublin.

For two years Trin was Sir Henry's constant companion. When he died a beautiful Skye terrier took his place, "Charlie" by name. As with Trin, Sir Henry kept this dog by him always, at home, and took him to the theater where he was playing.

He brought Charlie to this country on his first visit. And in his letters to English friends he gave him frequent mention.

"Charlie sends his love," was the postscript to one.

When Charlie died, Sir Henry consoled himself with another pet, but this did not mean he had forgotten Charlie.

"Charlie has been dead some years, but we keep his memory green," he said in a letter to a friend, who, not knowing of his death, had inquired about him.

"Fussy," Charlie's successor, was Sir Henry's last pet, which he undoubtedly loved best of all. This dog was a gift from Miss Ellen Terry, for many years a leading member of the actor's company.

As with Charlie, wherever Sir Henry went, Fussy must go too. And so, when the great actor was to make a visit to this country, Fussy must go with him. When Sir Henry was about to embark at Southampton, Fussy was missing and could not be found. At first, in his distress, Sir Henry refused to leave, but finally yielded to the persuasions of his company to go. But before he went aboard the steamer, he sent telegrams in all directions, offering a large reward for Fussy's return—but without results.

One night, some three weeks after Fussy's disappearance, the keeper of the stage entrance of the Lyceum Theater, London, where Sir Henry had played for many successive seasons, heard a faint whining at the door. When this persisted, he opened the door and in came a piteous object—Fussy, weak with fatigue and hunger. Weak, but not too weak to give a feeble wag of his tail at finding himself in the old familiar surroundings.

Sir Henry's housekeeper cared for him tenderly until the actor's return.

What, one asked, guided the dog back to London over the many long miles that separated him from Southampton, and through the maze of London's streets to the theater?

The passing years set their mark on Fussy. When his master was playing at the Royal Theater in Manchester, Fussy, roaming about the building, fell through an open trapdoor that his failing sight had not perceived, and was killed.

The news was kept from Sir Henry until



EXCHANGING CONFIDENCES

the end of the play. Silently, he heard it. Silently, with the lifeless form pressed close to his breast, he left the building.

In answer to one of the many sympathetic letters from friends, he wrote:—"Many thanks for your sympathetic letter about the dear old friend. He is much missed.

"Sincerely,
"HENRY IRVING"

Dogs in Accidents

C. A. SCHEINERT

In how many of the thousands of automobiles involved in accidents on our streets and highways are there dogs? The list of human dead and injured is known, but who knows how many dogs have been left to shift for themselves, to become outcasts, wanderers in strange places? Worse, if possible, to become a victim in turn of a speeding car as they search for master or mistress—now gone in an ambulance. And is it not possible that, if not actually injured in a crash, they suffer from the shock?

Those who observe, or are first to arrive at the scene of an accident, are quick to summon police and ambulance, care for the injured until aid arrives. But the pets that may be in the car or cars are overlooked by the ones giving aid, left to run friendless and forsaken.

The human victims get our every attention, and that is as it should be. But almost always there is opportunity to rescue the pet, take it home and notify the police. Friends of the injured ones will soon be calling for the animal—and we have saved a four-footed friend much suffering.

Rover

LAWRENCE A. AVERILL

*When I've been scolded
And feel very bad,
My face is all teary
And pouting and sad—
Then a sniffy warm nose
Snuggles into my hand:
Now isn't it funny
How dogs understand?*

*When I am happy
And ready to play,
Rover's as ready
As I to be gay.
I should think sometimes
A dog would get blue.
Just as a boy does,
But dogs never do!*

The Closed Car

JEANETTE NOURLAND

EVERYONE has heard of the California sunshine, but little is said of the oppressive, furnace-like heat that descends with the real summer months of August and September. In comparison with the mild and faultless climate of the rest of the year, these two months are almost beyond endurance.

Directly across the fence from my kitchen door is a huge parking lot, supposedly for the use of the patrons of a large drug store—but there are four saloons within a stone's throw.

Last Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, I noticed a tiny boy and a dog sitting in the front seat of a closed car. "Poor little fellows," I thought, "I hope they don't have to stay there long in this terrific heat."

Ten minutes later, I looked again; they were still there. The dog was panting, the boy quietly talking to himself. I walked around the fence with a glass of lemonade for the boy and a bowl of water for the dog. Both looked longingly at me, then the boy said: "Daddy told me not to open the door till they come back." The glass in the door was down about four inches; I passed the water through for the dog first, then the lemonade for the boy. Both drank to the last drop. It was all I could do.

I wondered what manner of people could leave these little folks shut up in this unbearable heat. At eleven thirty, a man and a woman appeared, walking unsteadily to the car. The man carried a block of ice, the woman had a bundle,—not oranges for the boy, nor a bone for the dog; obviously the package contained bottles. The dog, with tail slightly a-wag, jumped silently to the back seat; the boy followed as silently. The woman climbed into the car first and began putting down the windows, saying, "My, its like an oven in here!" Then man, woman, boy and dog drove slowly away.

Send to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for a free copy of the leaflet, "Road Accidents to Dogs." It gives valuable hints to motorists and advice to dog owners.

Your Dog's Game

L. E. EUBANKS

SPEAKING generally, teasing games are harmful to a sensitive dog; for instance, pretending to take away bones, biscuits or other treasure. The dog gets excited over such games, and you may think that he is enjoying himself. Actually, he is suffering considerable anxiety, which is bad for both his nerves and his temper. Many dogs "played with" in this manner develop viciousness and snappishness as the years go by. And, usually, the masters wonder why.

Worst of its type, perhaps, is the game wherein one of the family, usually a child of whom the dog is very fond, hides from the animal, who is then sent to search. The dog keeps hearing, "Oh, where is little Jane; go and find her!" The dog yelps and runs frantically, smells here and there, with tail stiff and vibrating or wagging excitedly. These symptoms of anxiety increase in intensity until the child is found. Watch closely and you can see the reaction of weakness in the dog after the excitement has subsided.

Maybe you have been the victim of an anxiety game. And did you enjoy it? Ever have someone hide your purse and let you believe for a while that it had been stolen? Such things have happened to me, and I'll wager they have to you. We may have to smile, but really we'd like to slap someone's face.

The cruelest of all teasing games played with a dog is the one in which one member of the family pretends to be angry with another. When the dog sees the situation his barking provides great "fun." He snarls at first one of the fighters then the other. He is suffering all the time; one person whom he loves is being attacked by another whom he loves equally. He does not know what to do, but thinks he must do something; which one shall he protect? Put through this torture very often, any high-strung dog will show bad results—in nerves and temper.

Your dog's games are almost as important to his health as his food. A good plan is to imagine yourself in his place, at times—remembering that he cannot reason as you can and cannot know the end of a game from the beginning. Choose his games and amusements from his point of view rather than from your own. Dogs are far more sensitive than you may have thought.

A Massachusetts Law

Section 130, Chapter 485, of the Acts of 1922

"Whoever sells or furnishes to a minor under the age of fifteen any firearms, air-gun or other dangerous weapon or ammunition therefor shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten and not more than fifty dollars, but instructors and teachers may furnish military weapons to pupils for instruction and drill."

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Parking Place for Dogs

ANTONIA J. STEMPLER

IN Stockholm, the beautiful and progressive capital of Sweden, pet dogs may be taken along when their owners make shopping trips, without becoming a nuisance or causing any annoyance to anyone. The largest, finest, and most modern department store in the city, The Nordiska Kompaniet, makes humanitarian provision for the comfort of canines brought by customers, in a delightful way which might well be copied by other business establishments.

While dogs are not permitted to enter the store, they may be tethered in the spacious vestibule of the main entrance of the Nordiska Kompaniet and kept there in safety while their owners are inside. There is ample space to park a number of dogs, side by side, by chains or leashes, so they may sit down in comfort and move about some. A doorman is stationed to watch over the animals. Each dog is provided with an individual pan of fresh drinking water, placed within easy reach. It is most interesting to see the dogs lined up in the great sheltered vestibule, somewhat like at a bench show, while they wait—patiently or otherwise—for their owners' return. Many different breeds are usually represented, of course. Some of the pets seem to enjoy themselves immensely and gaze interestedly at the throngs of shoppers passing in and out, while others look rather doleful or abused and evidently would rather be somewhere else. But the dogs are never molested and the canine parking place is so arranged that it in no way interferes with the convenience or free movement of the public. And what a satisfaction it must be to the owners to know that no harm can come to their pets while they are busy shopping, no matter how long they may be thus engaged.



"FLASH," DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS IRISH SETTER CHAMPION, "MILSON O'BOY"

Humane Commentator

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL

GABRIEL HEATTER, popular news commentator of Radio Station WOR, Newark, N. J., often finds time on his broadcast to include some little item about dogs in general. One day, while discussing the European situation abroad, he interrupted his talk to answer the plea of a little girl who had written him asking his aid in helping her locate her little dog that was lost. Many other radio people in Mr. Heatter's position would have just forgotten about the little girl. But not Mr. Heatter. He described the dog and gave the little girl's name and address in the hope that someone listening in might know of its whereabouts.

Perhaps Mr. Heatter's fondness for dogs can be traced to his own Scottie, named "Sandy." On one occasion, due to the pressure of business, Mr. Heatter was unable to get home for several days. He mentioned this on his program and added that his dog Sandy always listened in to his broadcasts. When he finished his broadcast that night he spoke several kind words over the radio to Sandy who, I am sure, was delighted to hear the voice of his master. Just recently when the eastern states suffered from the effects of a heavy snow storm, Mr. Heatter made a plea over the radio for everybody to do their share in caring for any animals that might have suffered from its effects. He especially urged the people to feed the birds that would probably suffer the most. Let us hope that more radio speakers and performers will find the time to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Heatter's good work.

Again Mr. Burgess

Thornton W. Burgess, popular author and naturalist, will present an illustrated lecture, "Friendly Folk along the Trails," in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, on the afternoon of Humane Sunday, April 23, under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. This will be the third successive time that Mr. Burgess has appeared on this anniversary for the Society. Those who have heard him know what a treat it is in store for them. He will show slides and moving pictures. Admission is free to all.

Please remember the M. S. P. C. A. when making your will.

"Bonnie-Brae"

VIRGINIA A. AMOS

Days pass by, little "Bon"
With many thoughts of you,
When I need my little Bon
With a need that's always new.

The need comes, little Bon,
Like a stab of sudden pain
Can't you come back, little Bon,
Let us have you once again?

You are living, little Bon;
We are never far apart;
You are living, little Bon,
Deep, forever, in my heart.

Understanding Your Cat

LESTER BANKS

If you've had much experience with people of various dispositions, you have observed that the most reliable persons and the best friends are not always the most demonstrative. It's much the same with animals; to condemn a cat, calling it unsociable, indifferent, ungrateful merely because it is less demonstrative than a dog is decidedly unjust.

A dog barks and wags his tail to show his happiness, a cat purrs and rubs against your legs; the latter's pleasure at being with you is not less keen for being less noisy.

Yes, the cat expresses friendliness and gratitude in many ways, if you are fond of him. But he knows it if you are not—and he's not much given to a waste of affection. A cat is harder to win than a dog. This is not because of comparative dumbness, but comes from fear, implanted through countless generations. No other domestic animal has been so maligned and abused as the cat. You have to overcome that instinctive fear, the suspicion inherited from a long line of ancestors who had very real reason for fear.

A cat's greatest pleasure, next to satisfaction of his hunger, is to be a part of the household. He wants to come and go as he pleases, but home and regime mean more to a cat than to any other of the lower creatures. He is the greatest luxury lover, and is not at all blind to your part in providing him with comforts and special joys.

But don't expect him to make a great fuss about it. All he can do is purr, rub your hand with his head, and look into your eyes. That means his heart is yours, and could you ask more?

Not all cats will lie in a person's lap. Unwillingness to do so doesn't prove a cat unaffectionate; the nicest cat we've ever had preferred to lie at our feet. Another, an exceedingly proud fellow, always liked to lie on a chair just as near to my chair as I could draw it. He'd even sit at the dining table that way—and never put a paw on the table!

Don't misunderstand such conduct and call the cat unresponsive. The same cat that wouldn't lie in our lap always struggled when we tried to carry him. But put him down and call him, and he'd follow anywhere. Reminds one of some horses, who won't be hitched but will wait reliably unhitched.

But, while on this point, most cats resist when taken into a person's arms from sound slumber on a chair or the floor. The real reason is that the cat's first thought on awakening is to stretch, and grabbing him up in that way gives him no chance to do so. Wake him up first, let him stretch and yawn, then pick him up. Also, even the gentlest cat may scratch his master when snatched up without warning. We ourselves do unexpected things when similarly startled.

"Lay down, pup, lay down," ordered the man.

"You'll have to say 'lie down,' mister," declared a boy. "That's a Boston terrier."

—Dog World



An Unusual Pose

Mr. E. S. MacLaughlin of Nantucket, Mass., sends in this unusual picture of his cat, "Tommy," who was sixteen years old last June. He has all his teeth, and is very alert and playful. He poses very willingly, and guests have taken pictures of him and sent them all through the country.

He is all white with the exception of a small black spot near his right ear, and his tail which is coal black, giving the impression of a "dipped in the ink bottle" affair.

His favorite pastime is sleeping and eating. He does the latter on an average of fifteen times a day, a little each time. He drinks from the bird-bath always during the summer.

Mail-Carrying Deer Shot

A pathetic story comes from Texas to the effect that "Billy," the nation's only mail-carrying deer, was found fatally shot in the woods near his owner's home, last November. The deer was about three-and-a-half years old and had been found, a helpless fawn, by Farmer Oscar Kohleffel who took it home and raised it as a pet. At six months, Billy formed the habit of taking a daily stroll with the family to the mailbox, where it became attached to Mail-Carrier J. T. Green. The postman, well supplied with lemon-stick candy, tried tying the mail around the deer's neck and found that the faithful animal took it home safely. Billy was officially recognized by the United States Postal Department as an honorary substitute mail carrier and a story was once published about him in the Postal Guide.

Songs Must Cease

ORPHA MORROW MCMILLAN

*I heard the bay of the running hounds,
And the mellowing sound of the horn;
The hunting coats went flying by,
And were lost in the fields of corn.
I heard them coming home at night;
Heard the rollicking songs of the men,
Now, who will feed the baby fox,
For the mother will never again?*

*I saw a stone aimed at a bird,
Where a wren sang his song in a tree.
Brown feathers flew, then all was still,
And the soul of the singer went free.
A child lay ill, and day by day,
He had looked for return of the wren;
But songs must cease and cubs must starve,
For the passion of killing in men.*

An Appreciative Contributor

The relations between editor and contributor are often unusually pleasant, and sometimes lasting friendships are formed by the resulting correspondence. The following communication from a California writer is, however, so unusual that we feel we must share it with our readers:

"Editor: I wish to thank you for your check for a poem about a white kitten. Check reached me recently in another town. It was rather a red-letter day for me as that was my first check for a poem. I have written 700 poems, have published booklets of poems, have had many used on radio, am in five anthologies this year, and have seven hymns in songbooks, but that was my first check from a magazine—thanks to the white kitten which belonged to a little Austrian girl where I worked one season. Her mother asked me to write it. By the way, I must write and tell her. And thanks again to you. It is encouragement."

Advice to Dog Owners

Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider of the Angell Animal Hospital offers the following timely advice to dog owners:

Don't think your dog has rabies because he froths at the mouth and acts as if having a convulsion. He may be only having what we know as a fit. The dog with rabies makes no such frightful demonstration of violence. Confine him to a cool, darkened and quiet place and consult your veterinarian. If you must rely on your own resources, give the animal, when quieted down, an emetic to empty the stomach. A teaspoonful or two of syrup of ipecac every ten minutes until vomiting occurs, or two teaspoonfuls of table salt in a half-glass of water, or a teaspoonful of powdered mustard in a half-glass of water will serve the purpose. Then keep the animal on a beef broth diet for a few days.

The Scottish S. P. C. A. announces that the subject of the prize essay competition for 1939, open to school children, is: "How Are Animals Better Treated Today than One Hundred Years Ago, and Why?" The subject is especially chosen on account of the centenary of the Society in 1939. The competition has, for over sixty years, formed a prominent feature of the Society's activities.

Our Dumb Animals Without Chart or Compass

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Annual Slaughter of Deer

THE *Philadelphia Inquirer* of Sunday, December 4, contains a two-column article of vigorous protest against the annual slaughter of deer, under the heading "Pennsylvania Red with Blood of Slaughtered Does." It seems this year it was unlawful in Pennsylvania to shoot at buck old enough to grow a distinguishable spike, but does and fawns could be shot without limit. The State Game Commission said that this was permitted to cut down the female population in the deer herd. C. W. Bickford, of Osceola Mills, in Clearfield County, wrote, saying:

"If the people as a whole knew the conditions existing in our woods this week they would, or should, I think, rise up in wrath and arrest the game commissioners for cruelty to animals.

"Within three miles from where this is written are hundreds of young spike deer lying with broken legs or wounded, left to die of hunger during the coming week.

"This is nothing but a ruthless slaughter by boys with guns too small to kill but sufficient to injure, and others with arms of any sort who shoot at any living thing they come across."

"This condition," the article in the *Inquirer* says, "was not peculiar to Clearfield County but obtained in every county of the state where deer abound."

Year by year this horrible slaughter goes on all over the country. How far the deer in a state may multiply to an extent that the food possibly needed by them may be short enough to cause a serious deterioration in the well-being of the entire herd, probably no one could say exactly. And another question is raised concerning the damage done to crops, gardens and orchards by deer. There have been cases in Massachusetts where claims have been put in by farmers demanding compensation for their losses, which have appeared anything but reasonable. There are multitudes of lovers of the country's wild life that, for the sake of the unfortunate deer, would wish they were all mercifully exterminated.

THIS is the title of an exceedingly interesting article in *National Nature News* with regard to the homing pigeon. For many centuries this wonderful bird has been carrying messages for man back and forth, even being used in the ancient days when the Greeks employed it to carry messages back to those unable to attend the Olympic races. The names of the victors were sent by air-mail-bird postmen who rarely ever were late and failed only when overtaken by death or storm. Yet that mysterious sense that enables this bird to return to its base of departure still baffles man.

The article tells us that in recent years the flight abilities of the homing pigeon have been carefully recorded. In August, 1931, a homing pigeon took off from Arras, France, to find its way back to Saigon, Indo-China, a distance of 7,200 miles, the longest flight by one of these birds known. It seems they do not always fly in a beeline, though they know the shortest and easiest routes and take them when possible, they detour when storms or fogs are present.

That they are not dependent upon signposts or lights or landmarks to guide them is evidenced by the fact that even when blindfolded they reach their destination. One theory is, so the article says, that the homing pigeon orients itself with the earth's magnetic field. This has some foundation in fact because homing pigeons seem to be greatly confused when they come in touch with the electro-magnetic radiations of a broadcasting station. Tests have been made on several occasions with birds that have been thrown off their course by a busy station, then taken to this same station and released when it was still. At this time the birds took off normally.

The Insect Glee Club at the Microphone

A fascinating article appears in the December issue of *Natural History* under the above title. It is the study of crickets and the "songs" they sing. The article begins with the following paragraph:

"Before ever birds sang, possibly insects had developed noise-making mechanisms. Indeed, the friction of cricket wings and those of allied species probably sent the first land-animal sound waves vibrating over this earth. Today man's magic recording devices enable him to study the 'songs' of these primordial musicians, many of which range beyond the limits of the standard piano or the skill of the nimblest fingered violinist."

The article also says, "the celebrated European cricket on the hearth now occurs in many American homes, sometimes unwelcome in spite of the tradition that 'to have a cricket on the hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world; it's sure to bring good fortune.' Perhaps the catch is that most American homes have no hearth."

Our own famous katy-did (or katy-didn't) belongs, of course, to the cricket family.

Gunpowder and Airplane

IT has been said that the invention of the airplane as an instrument of war is as startling an invention as the use of gunpowder. "At one stroke," says a recent writer, "the best army in Europe, the French, and the greatest fleet in the world, the English, was rendered of no effect by the might or even mere menace of the German air-force."

A distinguished student of the air-forces of the world has said that the plane will outlaw war. It may be true that the frightful horrors that could be inflicted upon non-combatants by bombing planes, crossing undefensible frontiers, wrecking great cities, destroying millions of innocent and helpless men, women and children, will strike the nations of the world as so appalling that their use for purposes of war will be forbidden by the protesting voice of humanity.

The Situation in Italy

A letter has just come to us from one thoroughly informed with regard to the situation in Italy, that there is "no foundation for the statement that the Italian Humane Societies have been or will be nationalized; that no new laws for the protection of animals have been passed in Italy during the last 25 years, although the Penal Code of 1931 increased the fine for cruelty as well as the penalties for all other offenses."

"There is no law regarding humane education. It is true that the Ministry of Education issued circulars ordering that kindness to animals should be taught, but this instruction was limited to a single essay set by the teachers in what we would call the fourth and fifth grades. The Societies of Turin and Lucca have annual prize essay competitions in their elementary schools. None are held in Rome. The Naples Society has an essay competition in one school in turn each year, the prizes being given only to children whose fathers belong to the Fascist party."

Five Fine Girls

According to a story in the *Boston Globe*, five fine young girls (we are sure they must be fine young girls), attending the Howard Seminary in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, out for a walk some days ago, discovered an unfortunate kitten whose four feet, so the story says, were frozen solidly to the stone, and which was hanging helplessly to a stone bridge. Finding they could not themselves rescue the kitten they called the fire department who lowered a ladder and, with the aid of the girls and cloths wrung out of hot water, were able to release the kitten.

The newspaper reports that the headmaster penalized them for their act proved, upon investigation, to be anything but the truth. It was learned that he was in entire sympathy with the fine act of the girls in rescuing the kitten. The medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was presented by the President of the Society to each of the five girls before the entire school, on December 15.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT T. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas. Second Thursday.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	14,901
Cases investigated	396
Animals examined	4,348
Animals placed in homes.....	188
Lost animals restored to owners..	70
Number of prosecutions.....	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work.....	6
Horses humanely put to sleep....	41
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,653
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	53,168
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	29

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	895	Cases	2,629
Dogs	697	Dogs	2,264
Cats	188	Cats	335
Birds	5	Birds	22
Horses	4	Horses	2
Monkey	1	Rabbits	2
		Silver Fox	1
		Goat	1
		Squirrel	1
		Monkey	1
Operations	935		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915

Dispensary cases

Total

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	148
Cases entered in Dispensary	508
Operations	200

The California Pound Act

The humane organizations of California put up a splendid campaign in behalf of what is known as the State Humane Pound Act, its purpose being "to regulate the conduct of pounds, prohibit the surrender of unclaimed dogs and cats by pounds to research or commercial laboratories, and provide a humane death if no bona fide home is offered."

The Bill did not "prohibit any accredited college, university or medical research laboratory from using for experimental or commercial purposes animals bred in its own kennels, or obtained otherwise except from pounds." One of its purposes was "to correct deplorable conditions in pounds; to prevent lost or strayed household pets in pounds from being turned over to laboratories for experimental purposes, whether sold or given away."

The Act was "patterned after the Pound Ordinance of San Francisco, which has been in effect since September 27, 1932. A similar ordinance is in effect in San Diego." The Act also provided "that humane methods be used by pound-masters in the capture and care of animals; that no animal be destroyed before 72 hours, and that every effort be made to locate the owner."

The Act was lost by a vote of 331,887.

Our Branch Auxiliaries

I. Winchester

THE Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is fortunate in having had organized, in different parts of the state, Branch Auxiliaries which are giving



MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR

President, Winchester Branch Auxiliary to Mass. S. P. C. A.

very effective aid to the parent society and also to local humane interests.

The first of these was the Winchester Branch, organized through the efforts of Mrs. Richard S. Taylor at her home on Mount Vernon Street, on October 22, 1930. This ardent worker rallied a small but very enthusiastic group who carried on so successfully that, in addition to furnishing hospital supplies during the early years, became so interested in the local situation that they were able to open an animal shelter last April.

Each year the Winchester Branch holds a fair, which is generously patronized. Through this and other sales and membership fees the Branch has been able to raise sufficient funds to make the new shelter self-supporting. It has enlisted the public schools in a liberal program of humane education. In its practical work it receives the full co-operation of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

From the start the president of the Winchester Branch has been Mrs. Taylor, than whom no more enthusiastic or conscientious humane worker can be found anywhere. The Branch is to be congratulated upon having such a capable and efficient woman at its head.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomin, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representatives

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1938

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 695
Number of addresses made, 331
Number of persons in audiences, 55,297

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

FOXHUNTERS' PHILOSOPHY—A GARLAND FROM FIVE CENTURIES.

This is a satirical anthology of twenty-four pages, edited by Mr. Bertram Lloyd. As a collection of pronouncements of fox-hunting addicts and extollers of that "noble science" of the chase and kill, it is well worth a perusal. It represents a new departure in dealing with blood sports, and it is intimated that similar pamphlets will be issued in relation to stag and otter hunting.

Price, 3 pence. National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports, 4 Tavistock Square, London.



DOG WAGON AT FEZ FONDOUK

In addition to the ambulance for horses and mules, the Fondouk uses a wagon, of which the above is a picture, to collect unfortunate dogs.

The S. P. C. A. in Turkey

A LETTER from Mrs. A. W. Manning, honorary secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Istanbul, Turkey, tells the interesting story of what has been accomplished since the founding of that organization in 1912. Refusing to give herself credit for the remarkable growth of the work in Turkey, those of us who know her, know of her untiring devotion to the cause, and that much is due her for what has been accomplished.

Since the organizing of the Society, 147,093 animals have been cared for. During 1937 alone, more than 15,000 were aided by the Society, 9,693 have been treated in the free clinic, 41,590 street dogs have been collected by the Municipality and brought to the Society. Of these, 3,046 were returned to their owners who were obliged to pay the fee of one dollar for the license. Sixty-six thousand, seven hundred and seven stray dogs and cats have been humanely put to sleep, and each month during the school year for the past ten years, eight talks on kindness to animals and how to care for them have been given in the primary schools of Istanbul. More than 10,000 leaflets about kindness to animals have been distributed in Turkish schools, besides many lectures and talks given in the higher schools and in foreign schools.

Laws for the protection of animals were given to the students of the police school and, as these young policemen go out to all parts of Turkey, one can hardly measure the good that has been accomplished in that special field of work.

Prizes were offered for the best poster drawn, with the idea of teaching school children to be kind to animals. The prize-winning poster was printed in colors, and nearly 4,000 distributed among the schools in Turkey.

Much was done to discourage the trapping of birds to be sold for food, and more than 2,300 cruel bits and bridles have been taken from the mouths of horses and oxen, and a law secured forbidding the use of such cruel devices.

This is a brief summary of the things accomplished by this splendid organization.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for October—31 Days

Daily average large animals	54.5	\$ 13.84
Put to sleep	73	7.42
Transportation		
Daily average dogs	7.6	
Forage for same		3.17
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		53.45
Superintendent's salary		66.80
Veterinaries' salaries		12.03
Motor ambulance upkeep		6.74
Motor bicycles upkeep		1.20
Sundries		61.39
Actual operating expenses		\$226.04
Building upkeep (new land)		7.24
		\$233.28

Entries: 21 horses, 13 mules, 106 donkeys.
Exits: 10 horses, 7 mules, 48 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 224 horses, 93 mules, 165 donkeys, 3 dogs.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 469 cases investigated, 11,491 animals seen, 1,314 animals treated, 104 animals hospitalized by us from above, 32 Arab bits and pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 5 animals transported in motor ambulance. Sent by Police Dept. 27.

G. DELON, Superintendent

We Must Be Fair

In the face of what China has been, and still is, suffering at the hands of Japan, and what thousands of the citizens of Germany have been and still are suffering at the hands of Hitler and his merciless officials, we must still remember the words of that famous Englishman, Burke:

"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."

There are still multitudes of humane and kindly people in both nations. Listen to this, from the annual report of the Japan Humane Society:

Last year it issued 165,000 copies of various publications having to do with the kind and just treatment of animals. A dog market for the rescue of dogs was organized; Humane Week from May 28 to June 3rd was observed, at which time a radio address was given; free veterinarian treatment was afforded many animals; a Horse Day meeting was held, and Children's Day; and an animal cemetery was started. In connection with the Junior League, talks were given to 7,180 children. Germany, too, has its humane societies.

Humane Work in India

SOMETIME ago in our magazine we had an article telling what had been done by the Jains people in India many, many years ago. We have just received a letter from the secretary of what is known as the Animals' Friends Society at Ludhiana, (Punjab) India. The letter says:

"The proverbial kindness of India to her animals is a thing of very ancient times; that cruelty to children, especially girls, in many sections of Hinduism, cruelty to women and cruelty to the so-called untouchables—these all indicate that the condition of the lower animals is anything but what it should be."

There was nothing in the article at all complimentary to humane work being done in India, for we have always understood that the need was exceedingly great, and that innumerable animals suffered from lack of any popular interest in their unfortunate lot. Every friend of animals must wish for a better day for them in that Eastern Land.

The End is Not Yet

That the present situation in Europe is serious we would not deny. But it is not half as serious as the situation in Europe when Napoleon was laying the continent at his feet. There is the famous story of William Pitt, the younger, who, on hearing of the battle of Austerlitz in 1805, pointed to a map of Europe on the wall, and said, "Roll up that map. We shall not need it for another dozen years." Pitt soon died, brokenhearted and in despair, while Napoleon rode on from triumph to triumph. But the scales of destiny were from the beginning weighted against the French Emperor, as at this moment they are weighted against the German Fuehrer. Just now the skies are dark. Hitler will in all probability gain a mastery of the European continent which may match that of his great predecessor. But that this tyrant can in the end triumph, or even survive, is as impossible as that gravitation may cease to hold the stars. Hitler will go the way of all the bandit-conquerors before him. No power on earth can, and no power in heaven will, save him. The only question is how long he may endure, and by what accident of fortune he may fall. Napoleon lasted ten years after Pitt surrendered. It is conceivable that Hitler may last longer. But his doom is already sealed. The tragedy is that the mills of God grind so slowly, and devour such myriads of innocent and helpless victims. The price, O Lord! why must such price be paid? —Unity, Chicago

Animals in the Movies

The employment of animals in motion picture production is expensive.

Lions cost up to \$100 a day; trained monkeys earn from \$50 to \$150 a day; snakes, sharks, camels, giraffe, and zebras average about \$50 daily. Not long ago, a studio paid \$10,000 for one rhinoceros, including food, transportation and training. The rhinoceros's resale value was only \$5,000.—Exchange.

Kidnapped Fawns Are Not Happy

DOROTHY HERBST

EACH spring, when city dwellers take to the woods, officials in the states having large conservation areas are faced with the problem of rearing numerous fawns picked up by well-meaning persons who would be shocked to hear themselves called



"STRANGER" AND THE AUTHOR

kidnappers. Yet they actually do steal the woods babies from their mothers!

Curiosity gets the young animals into this predicament. If the mother is not close when the first human being is seen by the fawn, the fearless youngster is apt to follow the stranger, much as a lost kitten will. The kindly person, finding himself so followed, is usually tempted to fondle the fawn. Of course, he does not know that its mother will not recognize it afterwards, and that she may even, in her fear of the human scent, trample her own young to death.

Fawns are affectionate and, once handled, will continue to follow until it is easy to believe them orphaned. Since it is unlawful to take them as one's own, they usually wind up in the hands of state officials. Most of the native deer in our zoos arrived there by this route. When the zoo is full, then the fawns begin to present a problem. They cannot be given to the persons who pick them up as this might encourage an epidemic of fawn kidnappings. It is most undesirable that they should become the property of commercially minded persons who would use them as tourist attractions. This would not only be cruel but dangerous to conservation. A fad for caged fawns might easily create a market demand.

Although fawns do make adorable pets, few persons can raise one without penning it up in quarters that must seem a prison to any animal accustomed to wander through

forests. The deer is a browsing animal and one fawn will make short work of the trees and shrubs in even a large garden. Nothing short of a park will stand the strain.

Once they have been taken from their mothers, they can never be returned to the wild for that would be a sentence of death. Only their mothers can give them the education that fits young animals for life in the woods. How much better then to leave them where Nature put them!

The fawn in the illustration was picked up when it was six weeks old. Photographed on the Courthouse lawn in Boulder, Colorado, the hungry baby was nervously divided between the desire to break free of the ring of human beings and seek the mother who could satisfy that emptiness, and the impulse to make friends with the humans who liked to fondle her ears. Only with difficulty was she kept still enough for the photographer's purpose.

Named "Stranger" this young doe was sadly destined to justify her name. She loved and lost several masters before she found one whose cabin was in the woods. Her appetite for leaves and branches was the cause of this inability to get permanently settled. Certainly, there was nothing wrong with her disposition!

Wyoming's Oldest Army Horse

Oldest in point of service in the U. S. Army

EDITH P. WALLER

THE following true story was recently told to me by Captain George Pearson of Troop B, 115th Cavalry, Wyoming National Guard, of a very distinguished horse that has been in army service for 35 years and is still going strong. "Andy" may be old but he's certainly not like the old gray mare who 'used to be,' said Captain Pearson.

Andy is as fine a horse as can be found in any Troop of the Wyoming National Guard, despite the fact that he has seen 35 years of active service in the army, and was five years of age when purchased from a Wyoming rancher by the government for army service.

This sorrel veteran saw active service during the World War and his record of actual engagements is now with the war department in Washington.

I recall during an inspection here in Cheyenne recently, that Andy was received by the Colorado National Guard in 1923. When that unit was mechanized, in 1932, the old veteran was transferred to Sheridan, Wyoming, and has been there since that time. He is still strong and active, and will continue for at least another year in active service.

In spite of his advanced age, over 40, Andy stood up as well as any of the younger horses in the campaign last summer, and will undoubtedly see service again next summer. If Andy can talk he's probably telling a score of "rookie" horses about the swell times he's had.

Nearly all the creatures that help man to live better are vegetarians: horses, oxen, cattle, sheep, elephants, goats, etc. Meat eaters do not live as long as plant-feeders. Most of these vegetarians have hooves.

Marching to the Sea

WESLEY A. GROUT

JUST as sure as day follows night, do we know that precisely on a certain day next May, millions of crabs are going to rise up out of their holes on Crab Island and march to the sea. Why every single one of these millions upon millions of crustaceans should, simultaneously, feel this irrepressible urge to strike out for the sea on the same day every year, is one of Nature's most baffling mysteries. And the wonder of it is, they never miscalculate! The power that governs this movement is as undeviating as that which rules the planets of the Universe. And when this urge overtakes them, nothing can stop them; houses, cliffs—nothing, for the West Indian land crabs march straight as an arrow to their destination.

When this frantic march is on, they climb over any obstacle that happens to be in their way. Even at the peril of their own lives they will clamber over cliffs and hedges rather than go around them. Houses are not even considered mild obstacles to these marching crustaceans. They creep in at the windows, climb over the beds and furniture, and emerge on the other side.

Their movement looks as if the whole surface of the ground is in motion. The earth is so thickly blanketed with them that it is a physical impossibility to walk without treading upon them. And the noise they make has often been likened to the din of cavalry troops in action. When these crabs are on the march, all animals beat a hasty retreat, for no living creature is safe in their path. Even the crabs themselves are in great danger from their own kind. If one of them happens to fall and injure its legs, it is immediately eaten up by the horde.

This is their nuptial march, and when they reach the sea, they immediately plunge into the water to bathe and lay their eggs. The eggs wash ashore and in due time are hatched.

When the young crabs come out, every tree root for miles around is densely covered with them. They remain near the seashore until old enough to travel, then they move inland from one to three miles and dig holes in the hills. In these holes they live until the next May, when again it is time for another frantic march to the sea.

For the English Sparrow

Editor:

In a recent issue of *Our Dumb Animals* appeared a good word for the starlings. In my opinion the pugnacious, much-abused English sparrow is changing his menu to an insectivorous one, at least in certain areas, and should be accorded his just dues.

Early last June a twenty-foot Japanese plum tree on our lawn became infested with nests and larvae of the spring cankerworm. The sparrows discovered the "find" first and cleared it of nests and larvae within a short time—but even to this day (November 7) a flock of these sparrows occasionally swings into this plum tree to peer about as if to see whether or not they have by any chance overlooked something.

H. E. WENTWORTH

Salem, Mass.



MONARCH OF THE SWAN COLONY
Lithia Park, Ashland, Oregon

Pigeons Carry News

The New York *Journal-American* has had great success in using pigeons for carrying negatives of photos and short news-items from steamships far out in the bay. The newspaper reporter carries several pigeons with him when he makes the trip down the bay in a cutter to meet some incoming steamship from Europe. As soon as he has interviewed and photographed some celebrity of importance he puts the negative of the picture and a short news-item in a capsule which is attached to the pigeon. Then he releases the pigeon and sends it on its way back to the *Journal-American* Building. Here the negative and news-item are removed and rushed to the city editor. In a very few hours, sometimes before the steamship docks, the picture is in print and on sale throughout the city. Thus many valuable hours are saved and the *Journal-American* is very often the first newspaper to carry the photo of the celebrity. Some of the pigeons have been wounded by the attacks of hawks who frequent a near-by bridge. But wounded or not they continue on their way to their coop on top of the *Journal-American* building. They have a special attendant in charge of them and he thinks a lot of these pigeons who each day earn their own living for their newspaper.

Up to the present time 735,265 names have been recorded as having expressed their desire for membership in the Jack London Club. The movement against the cruelties in training performing animals, it will be seen, has expanded rapidly. It has already produced marked changes in the programs of amusement-producing enterprises. Publicity has been the one most effective weapon in combatting the misuse of animals. Many disclosures of cruelty have been revealed, and the truth about the performing animal has been widely spread.

"Going to Housekeeping" In Birdland

ALETHA M. BONNER

LADY BALTIMORE ORIOLE is considered the best housekeeper in birdland. Not only is her home skilfully constructed and substantially anchored in the crotch of a stout bush or sturdy tree, but it is most colorful in make-up, for both Lord Baltimore and his Lady are ardent lovers of bright tones and tints.

Such color-mindedness no doubt accounts for the bright bits of string and thread often woven into the bark and grass-fibered nests. Deep and pouch-shaped in design, these cozy basket-like homes are so constructed as to well conceal the four to six whitish eggs (touched with brown), to be found during the house-keeping season.

The orchard oriole also builds a beautiful nest. It is woven with the greatest precision, and though not pendant in pattern it is roomy in width and securely lodged in the fork of a fruit tree. Such a favorite building site is responsible for the "first" name of the orchard oriole, and the lady of the house has only to hop a few steps to her fruit market in spring and summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Purple Martin, of the distinguished swallow family, delight in lining a hollowed-out gourd, or squash, of the long-necked variety, with shreds of bark and grasses. Bird-boxes, too, are set up by human friends to encourage the presence of the ever-welcomed Martin folk; however, saucy little sparrows are quick to monopolize all man-made bird-houses. Not only will they fill the small apartments with miniature "hay-stacks," but they will go to housekeeping on the front porch if need be.

One of the most exquisitely-wrought cradles for "rock-a-bye-bird babies" is fashioned by Madame Hummingbird. Truly, "when the wind blows, the cradle will rock," for it is fastened to a horizontal limb, high up in a tree. Like its builder, the nest is a tiny affair, but skilfully constructed. Circular in shape, it is lined with fluffy feathers and weed-down, while the outside wall is of bark and moss, so harmoniously blended into the tree-environment as to defy detection.

No directory of "Best Housekeepers in Birdland" is complete unless Rose Robin's name is included. True, her home is rather ragged and rough in exterior, as it is formed of weed stalks and leaves plastered together with an inner wall of mud. However, a third lining of well-shredded grass gives a touch of comfort and coziness to this living-room, dining-room, and nursery for two broods of birdlings.

Joyce Kilmer was doubtless favorably impressed with the building skill of this lovable bird, as a robin's nest was placed in the branches of the poet's immortal "Trees":—

*"A tree that may in summer wear,
A nest of robins in her hair!"*

The Orioles

VELA B. EDWARDS

*That joy may measure every hour,
The orioles come along
And gaily wind the clocks of time
With golden keys of song!*

The Loon

FLORENCE B. JACOBS

*What are you calling, wild voice of the night,
Seeking forever through starlight and dark?
All of your brethren have settled from flight,
Woodland and water are silent . . . but hark!
Over the marshes comes floating a call,
Eerie, ecstatic, a laugh and a sob,
Piercing the denseness of slumber and wall.
Borne on the night wind as deep as a throb.*

*Hungry, as I am, for something unknown,
Something that calls and will never be still,
Baffling and vague, but so surely your own,
Driving and forcing you on to its will;
Dreaming high dreams of a glorious whole,
Seizing the promise and finding it husk,—
Oh, your wild laughter is out of my soul,
Searching forever through moonlight and dusk.*

Game-Bird Protection

HENRY H. GRAHAM

THE preservation of farm-land game-birds, such as the pheasant and quail, depends to a large extent upon the consideration shown them by farmers. Rigorous winters are hard upon these rugged types of game. Upon several occasions I have seen whole coveys of quail frozen together—a heart-rending picture to all lovers of wild life. If those beautiful quail had been able to find a refuge from winter's fury the tragedy would never have occurred.

It is an excellent plan for the farmer to leave on his place a little game-bird cover such as a clump of weeds or a thicket of some kind where the creatures can go to escape blizzards. It is also an excellent plan to leave a few bundles of grain in well-protected spots. There the pheasants and quail can go to eat when other forms of nourishment are unavailable—when the fields are heavily blanketed by snow. Both pheasants and quail thrive in mild winters that are not too wet. But they have a tough time when the thermometer dips low and blizzards howl. In wet, cold weather their wings often freeze tightly together, preventing flight. They seldom last long under such conditions for they become a prey to all sorts of predators like the mink, hawk, weasel and even the sluggish skunk. During the nesting season unseasonable storms destroy numerous eggs, thus cutting down the future population.

Pheasants and quail are always grateful for weeds growing along fence rows, for willow thickets and clumps of brush. Almost any sort of shelter keeps them from perishing when the cold winds blow.

Several farmers of my acquaintance purposely scatter wheat and corn in the back sections of their farms where the birds may obtain it without venturing close to the house. This, too, is a commendable idea. Of course, the grain must be well protected from blizzards. Culverts, drain pipes and the under side of bridges make excellent depositories for the food.

The Useful Barn Owl

JULIETTE FRAZIER

ONE evening shortly after dusk, as I was walking through the barnlot, I was startled by a querulous, quavering cry, "K-r-r-r-r-ik." I paused, looked about, saw nothing, but heard a faint swishing sound. The sound passed over my head and seemed to lose itself in the direction of an old maple tree which stood about fifty feet from the barn. The querulous cry was repeated, and then as the moon came out from behind the clouds, I caught sight of a large bird sailing about with hawk-like movement.

The following day upon investigation I discovered a pair of barn owls in one of the hollow limbs of the old maple tree. While pushing them aside with a stick, so as to be able to see the seven pure, dull white eggs upon which they were sitting, they clicked their bills and hissed angrily.

Upon telling my neighbor of my discovery, he advised me to destroy the owls, saying that they would attack our poultry. But because our barn was badly infested with rodents, I decided to wait and find out if the owls would attack the poultry before I should destroy them. Yet, although the poultry yard was only a few feet away from the tree in which the owls built their nest, the poultry have never been molested.

One moonlight night, when the eggs were hatched, I concealed myself behind a straw stack and watched the birds fly back and forth to their nest. With a powerful flashlight which I used for just an instant upon them each time they approached the nest, I was able to see what they were bringing to their young.

Three mice, a bat and a large rat were brought to their brood in the hollow limb in less than an hour's time. The mice were devoured head first, then followed the body, bolted whole. But the rat had to be firmly grasped with both feet and torn apart before it could be bolted.

After witnessing such a sight, I concluded that from an economic standpoint, it would be difficult to find a bird who does the farmer more good than the barn owl.

The Swallows' Revenge

ANNA L. CURTIS

THE two swallows had carefully built their nest of twigs, and fastened it firmly in place with muddy clay. They had lined it with feathers and soft grass, and securely plastered it around on the outside. The mother bird had already laid one egg in the nest, when a thief came and took possession.

Both the swallows had left their home for a few moments. When they returned, they were met by the sharp beak of a larger bird which sat comfortably on the nest. They could do nothing but chatter for a few moments, and then fly away. Soon, however, they came back with a great many other swallows.

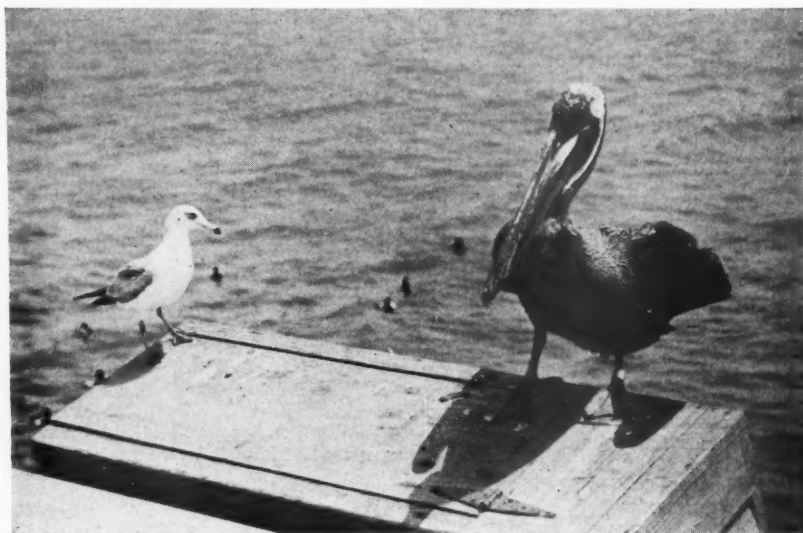
Every swallow flew as close as it dared to the thief, stared at it as it sat on the stolen nest, and then flew back to the chattering crowd. Then they all disappeared, and the strange bird probably thought it could now enjoy its new home in peace. But it was mistaken.

Back came all the swallows, flying in a long line, one after the other. Every swallow carried a bit of mud or clay in its claws. They flew close to the nest where the strange bird sat in impudent security, and as they passed, each swallow threw the mud he carried directly into the face of the intruder. Thus they executed the thief, and buried him and his stolen nest together.

A young man named George Christian Cuvier had watched the entire thrilling drama, and was filled with astonishment. "If these little creatures can talk together and plan together and work together like this, they have brains to be respected. I must know more of them."

From that moment Cuvier devoted himself to the study of birds and, indeed, all the animal kingdom. The swallows inspired him to become one of our greatest naturalists.

The twenty-fifth annual Be Kind to Animals Week will be observed from April 17 to April 22, with Humane Sunday, April 23. Plans should be made at once for the biggest celebration yet held.



GULL AND PELICAN, ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and forty-seven new Bands of Mercy were organized during November. Of these, 251 were in Massachusetts, 156 in Illinois, 108 in Pennsylvania, 98 in Georgia, 89 in Maine, 73 in South Carolina, 65 in Rhode Island, 50 in Florida, 33 in Virginia, 12 in North Carolina, eight in Tennessee, two in Michigan, and one each in New Jersey and the Philippine Islands.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 235,603.

If I Were an Animal, Too

LETHA DEXTER

Age 11, Knickerbocker School, Chicago

*I've been thinking the last few days
Of just exactly what I would do,
With trouble around me in many ways,
If I were an animal, too.*

*If they set dogs on me,
I wouldn't like that—
I'd climb up a tree,
If I were a cat.*

*I'd be lazy, you'd find
And balky, of course,
When men were unkind—
If I were a horse.*

*Of my beautiful song,
Not a note would be heard
While my world was all wrong,
If I were a bird.*

*I'd crawl under a house
And lie still as a log,
When anyone beat me,
If I were a dog.*

*It's surely enough to make anyone sad—
The unkind things that people do;
And I am certainly awfully glad—
That I'm NOT an animal, too.*

The Industrious Ant

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

MOST ants that you see are tiny fellows but they have certain habits and characteristics which we must all approve. Even though small they stand out as the greatest member of the insect family when it comes to adapting themselves to their environment. They have found their way everywhere. They are considered next to man in their ability to adapt their living habits to the conditions about them. No matter whether the region is hot or cold,

wet or dry, the industrious little ants manage to make a living somehow. Even King Solomon a few thousand years ago recognized their thrifty and business-like ways. He wrote: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or rules, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

The homes of the ants are more permanent than those of other lower animal forms. Perhaps one reason for this is their average length of life. Worker ants live from four to seven years. A queen ant may frequently reach the ripe old age of fifteen years. But the ants that do no work—the males—live only a short time. There is not much place in the ant society for an individual that will not work. The females produce the eggs but the workers make up the most numerous class in an ant colony. These patient little laborers never go on strike—they work in perfect harmony. They store up food, construct the nest, build roads to the ant hills, keep herds of "ant cows" which they "milk" in most approved fashion, keep their houses strictly sanitary, take care of the children, and when necessary go to war in regular army style with the usual military discipline.

Like earthworms, ants do good by stirring up the surface soil. They also are useful in hurrying along the decomposition of organic matter. But not all species are helpful to man. Down in the tropics are driver ants which get their name from their habit of driving all vermin such as bugs, mice, and rats ahead of them. Even the largest and fiercest rats vacate the premises when the driver ants arrive. It is then that man has a real fight on his hands for they appear everywhere and are hard to drive out. One curious custom of these ants is their building of living bridges. They cling to one another with feet and mandibles until there is a chain long enough to reach from one side of a stream to the other.

Even though the word "lazy" is in man's dictionary there is no such word in the vocabulary of the industrious ant.

An elephant does not get his teeth all at once, but in relays, like humans. However, he gets only four at a time, one on each side in upper and lower jaw. When this first set is quite worn down he gets four more just back of the first four; and if he lives long enough, he acquires a third set. Humans have their baby teeth; then their second set; and later in life their wisdom teeth.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.



"CHIKUITO" AND I

Chiquito and I

GEORGE A. STOUGH

*Up with the sun,
At break of the day,
Up in the saddle
And away and away.
As daylight comes on
Yet faster we fly—
My little Chiquito;
Chiquito and I.*

*Wind in my hair,
A sweet singing breeze
Keep time to my thoughts
As I lope through the trees.
My heart is so happy,
All cares pass me by—
My little Chiquito;
Chiquito and I.*

Isle Inhabited Only by Cats

Tens of thousands of cats, descendants of two which survived a shipwreck of eighty years ago, have been found to infest a coral island three hundred miles north-east of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean.

The animals, which are large and fierce, live in burrows and emerge only at night in search of food, according to a surveyor who has just returned from the island.

The cats, he says, catch fish in organized fashion, by forming a circle and closing in on the fish left in small pools and channels at low water.

A "drive" may yield as much as a ton of fish.

—B. U. P.

A squirrel uses its tail as a parachute and a windbreak, and so he always keeps it in good condition, combing and fluffing it out.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

For a Little Boy at New Year's

KADRA MAYSI

*This year, may flutes and viols—never trumpets!—
Teach him the tempo for his baby feet;
And, where he walks, may April sow her flowers
To make that blessed pathway brave and sweet.*

*In years when I cannot, may some girl give him
That love which only from a woman comes.
Through manhood, may his steps be set to music
Of harps and pealing organs—never drums!*

Three Generations of Ponies

ESTHER C. AVERILL

MOTHER love must be very strong in ponies if a family of them in Wiscasset, Maine, is a good example. Mr. Oscar Bailey, of that town, has three ponies. "Peggy," the grandmother, is pure white. "June," the mother, is chestnut, and "Blaze," the baby, is mouse color at present. These three generations of ponies are inseparable. They are never far apart, although their pasture is large. If one wanders a little way from the others in search of fresh grass to nibble, the other two make a mad dash to reach her side. The mother and grandmother take a keen interest in the little pony. Usually Blaze is kept feeding between the other two so no harm can befall her.

These ponies live in a sort of paradise where there is plenty of grass to nibble, long hours to idle in the sun, and a family of friendly children to feed them lumps of sugar and to brush their shining coats.

People around Wiscasset all know these ponies. It is a common sight to see an automobile drawn up beside the Bailey pasture while the occupants watch the horses as they enjoy themselves together. If harm should befall one of the ponies it would be a town catastrophe. Everybody loves them because of their evident love for one another. Kindly care on the part of the owner has made these three ponies unique in their healthy, happy lives. They are living examples of the best in family life in the animal kingdom.



THREE GENERATIONS OF PONIES



HAPPY NEW YEAR TO BOYS AND GIRLS AND
DOGS AND EVERYBODY!

Animal Engineers

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

LITTLE engineers of the animal world! The beavers are real mechanics. The way they can build houses, canals and dams astounds us by the great extent of their intelligence.

With their teeth they cut down trees. They eat what they prefer of the trees—leaves, bark and tender twigs—and then use the discarded parts in their building. They use also dead branches, brush and sticks. These they drag to and lay in the spot which they select for their homes. They weight this material down with mud, so that their homes are substantial and strong.

When the beaver dam is broken the beavers repair it. They can tell when their dam is broken by the sound of the water.

During the winter they sleep much of the time, although they do run around under the ice of their pond. They are not afraid of the ice falling on them because they are clever enough to choose for their beaver home a place where there are many stumps and dead trees. These hold the ice up and give them plenty of room to run around.

They must watch their dams and homes as carefully in winter as in summer. If the water should rise too high their home could be washed away. If the water should drain away the beavers would have to move.

So you see the beavers have to be very clever indeed to protect their home under the frozen pond once they have built it.

The beavers eat bark and leaves almost exclusively, their favorite food being the aspen or common poplar. The beaver is the largest member of the American rodent family; often weighing as much as fifty pounds. Not only are their outward habits distinctive, but their anatomical markings are also in a distinctive class.

Don't forget to feed the birds after the storms of snow and sleet. A little food, seed or scraps from the table, will be welcome to them and keep them from starving. Tell your friends, too, how much the winter birds need our help.

Dog Racing

A WEEK before the recent election in November, when a vote was to be taken on a referendum as to continuing dog racing in Massachusetts, the following letter was sent to all the Boston daily papers. None of them used the article.

November 1, 1938.

To the Editor:

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is opposed to dog racing because of the cruelty involved in this so-called "sport." In the first place, the greyhound is primarily a hunting dog, with the hunting dog's necessity for freedom and range. You cannot train any animal contrary to its nature and keep it happy. The whole life of these dogs is artificial and repressed. Their every natural instinct is suppressed. They run, not because they enter into the spirit of the race, but to catch and rend a stuffed rabbit they think is alive, and the culmination of the race is only a thwarting of that instinct. With an inborn desire for freedom, their lives are governed by an iron discipline. They are shunted back and forth across the country, from one race track to another, with no opportunity to lead a natural life. While they race and make money for their owners they are well cared for, as any other piece of valuable property would be, but their racing life is brief and they are then thrown into the discard and neglected. Greyhounds are bred by the thousands for just one purpose, and the men who breed them are not humanitarians or, for the most part, even dog lovers.

All this might be regarded as an indirect form of cruelty, but it is none the less cruelty. In essence it is of the same type as that practised against the caged wild animal. There is a form of cruelty connected with this racing racket, however, that is decidedly positive in character, the cruelty involved in the training of the dogs by the use of live rabbits. Owners, it is reported, claim the young dogs must have the taste of blood to encourage them to pursue the stuffed hare on the race course. There are cases on record, in the West, where live tame rabbits were sewed through the skin of their backs to an apparatus that whirled them around the track with their feet dragging on the ground, to be caught and killed by greyhounds in training. An extreme case, perhaps, but it has been a common practice in this country to suspend the live rabbit by its hind legs. California has had a number of such prosecutions and some convictions.

We had a similar case here in Massachusetts, two years ago, at Dighton; not in connection with the race track, but at a private training track set by a resident for the training of the dogs. The bodies of many dead and mangled rabbits were found buried at this place, and while we did not secure a conviction, because of conflicting evidence, there was no doubt in the minds of the Society's officers and the police that live rabbits had been used.

In the Middle West, wild jack rabbits are used to train young greyhounds. Certain publications there contain advertisements offering to supply any number of jack rabbits for the purpose, usually at 75 cents to \$1 apiece. It might be thought

that the rabbit, under such conditions, would have a sporting chance, but a surcingle arrangement is often attached to the jack, which makes its capture and mutilation certain.

Very few racing greyhounds are bred and trained in New England, where the laws against cruelty are drastic and well enforced. That is done mostly in the South and West, in localities where the anti-cruelty laws are largely a dead letter. By legalizing racing here, however, we encourage cruelty elsewhere. On this ground alone dog racing should be banned in Massachusetts, and we urge people to vote "No," November 8, on the question, "Shall the pari-mutuel system of betting on licensed dog races be permitted in this country?"

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY
President, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

School Poster Contest

THE annual school poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will close on March 25, 1939, a week earlier than last year due to the advanced dates of Be Kind to Animals Week (April 17-22). A new, especially designed medal has been adopted by the Society for the awards. Medals with blue ribbons are offered as first prizes; those with red ribbons, as second prizes; and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mention. That these prizes are distributed liberally through all the competing schools is proved by the fact that last season, when 8,402 posters were entered by pupils representing 563 schools in 170 different cities and towns, there were 1,116 first awards, 1,303 second; and 1,554 honorable mentions.

1. The contest is open to pupils in grammar grades above the third and in junior high and high schools—both public and parochial—in Massachusetts only, and closes positively on March 25, 1939, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 17-22. During that week and the one following, many of the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Fine Arts Department of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. NEW REGULATION. The entries have grown to such an extent that a new plan will be tried this year. Instead of considering each division, or room, separately in a school, like grades will be judged as a whole and the best posters chosen from each group. This will offer more competition. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, and

one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection.

3. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

4. DRAWINGS, ON LIGHT CARD-BOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES and should be SHIPPED FLAT (*never rolled*), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. not later than March 25, 1939.

5. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written *legibly* the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of the teacher. Use white ink or paste a white slip with names and addresses when dark cardboard or paper is used.

6. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned *only* if request is made at time of sending and *return postage* enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

7. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

In Cuzco, ancient city of Peru, we find gorgeously attired Indians, descendants of the Incas of old, caring tenderly for their llamas. So fond are they of these animals that they consider them pets, rather than beasts of burden. In fact, the llama is treated as a member of the household, sharing in joys, griefs and festivities.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

